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AND

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Desultory Man. By the Author of "Richelieu." 3 vols. Saunders and Otley. London, 1836.

MR. JAMES'S *Desultory Man* is an exception to every given rule. We have hitherto held such walking gentlemen as Reubenites, and should have addressed them with Jacob's denunciation, "unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." But Mr. James forces us to do what is very disagreeable, for a reviewer especially, namely, to go back upon our previously conceived opinion. We discover, from these pages, that a desultory man is a very agreeable companion; and we have wandered through three volumes, in his society, with great satisfaction. There is something very amusing in the following national picture: after all, eating is certainly one of our earliest associations.

"I suppose that particular dishes become, as it were, national property, because they are so nasty, that no one can eat them, except those who are brought up to it; but certainly, when our mouths have been seasoned to any of these national messes in our youth, every thing else seems flat, stale, and unprofitable. They are so intimately combined with all our early recollections, that, in after years, they form no small link in that bright chain of memory which binds our affection so strongly to the days of our infancy. It is all very bathotic and gross, I know; but, nevertheless, salt salmon and peas to a Fleming, gruyere to a Swiss, or barley broth and oatmeal porridge to a Scot, will do more to call up old and sweet remembrances of home and happiness, and early days, than the most elaborate description. But all this is nothing to the power which a galette has, morally and physically, upon a native of Brittany. I do not mean to speak any thing profanely, but, had Eve been a Bretonne, Satan might have offered her an apple to all eternity. She would not have said *thank you* for it. Nay, had it been a whole apple-pie, she would but have turned up her nose, and we might all have been in Paradise up to this present one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven. He might have prated about knowledge, too, as long as he liked; it would not have made any difference, for the Bretonnes have seen no bluestocks since Madame de Sevigné's time, and I never could find ten of them that knew the difference between London and Pekin, or that wished to know it. But, if the tempter had offered her a galette, good bye, Paradise! She could never have withstood it. She would but have bargained for a little milk, and a piece of butter, and gone out as quietly as my fire is doing at this moment. But it may be necessary to explain what sort of a thing a galette is; the receipt is as follows:—Take a pint of milk, or a pint of water, as the case may be; put it into a dirty earthen pan, which has never been washed out since it was made; add a handful of oatmeal, and stir the whole round with your hand, pouring in meal till it be of the consistency of hog-wash. Let the mess stand till next morning, then pour it out as you would do a pancake, upon a flat plate of heated iron, called a galetier; ascertain that it be not too hot, by any

process you may think fit—in Brittany they spit upon it. This being placed over a smoky wood-fire, will produce a sort of tough cake called a galette, which nothing but a Breton, or an ostrich, can digest. In this consists the happiness of a Breton, and all his ideas somehow turn upon this. If you ask a labouring man where he is going, he answers, '*Manger de la galette*;' if it rains after a drought, they tell you, '*Il pleut de la galette*;' and the height of hospitality is to ask you in, '*pour manger de la galette*.' I remember a curious exemplification of what I have said above, which occurred to me during a former residence in Brittany. All orders of monks, except that of La Trappe, having been long abolished in France, it is very rare ever to meet with any, except when some solitary did devotee is seen crossing the country upon a pilgrimage, and then he is always distinguished by the 'cockle-hat and staff,' under which insignia he passes unquestioned, being considered in *bond*, as mercantile folks would say. However, as I was passing one day through Evran, I was surprised to see a regular Capuchin, walking leisurely through the streets without any symptoms of pilgrimage about him. He was a very reverend-looking personage, clad in his long dark robes, with his cowl thrown back upon his shoulders, and his high forehead and bald head meeting the sun unshrinkingly, as an old friend whom they had been accustomed to encounter every day for many a year. His long beard was as white as snow, and a single lock of hair on his forehead, marking where the tonsure had ended, made him look like an old Father Time turned Capuchin. He was a native of Brittany, I learned, and had quitted his convent during the revolution; not, indeed, with any intention of breaking the vow he had taken, or of abandoning the mode of life he had chosen; but it was in order to seek an asylum in some foreign country for himself and his expelled brethren. This he found in Italy; and now, after a thirty years' absence, he had returned, under a regular passport, to sojourn for a while in his own land. The motives for such a man's return puzzled me not a little. The ties between him and the world were broken. Memory and early affections, I thought, could but have small hold on him; or, was it because the past was so contrasted with the present, that it had become still dearer to remembrance? It was not long before I found means to introduce myself to him, and discovered him to be both an amiable and intelligent man. After some conversation, my curiosity soon led me to the point. 'It is a long way to travel hither from Italy, father,' said I, 'and on foot.' 'I have made longer journeys, and for a less object,' replied he. 'True,' I went on, 'this is your native land; and whither will not the love of our country lead us?' The Capuchin smiled. 'I did not come for that,' said he. 'Probably you had relations or friends, whom you remembered with affection.' I added—my curiosity more excited than ever. 'None that I know of,' replied the monk. 'You think me very inquisitive,' said I. 'Not in the least,' he answered; 'I am very willing

to satisfy you.' 'Then let me ask you,' I continued, 'if you came hither for some great religious object?' 'Alas! no, my son,' he replied; 'you give me credit for more zeal or more influence than I possess.' 'Yet, surely, you had some motive for coming all this way on foot,' said I, putting it half as a question, half as an established position. 'Oh, certainly,' he replied, 'I had a motive for my journey, and one that is all-sufficient to a native of Brittany. But it was not from any great religious or any great political motive; nor was it either to see my country, my family, or my friends.' 'Then, for what, in the name of heaven, did you come?' exclaimed I. '*Pour manger de la galette*,' replied the monk.

Well, the galette was, we doubt not, well worth its pilgrimage.

A French Cook.—The *Desultory Man* has, with great judgment, found his way to the kitchen, and is thus received by its high-priest:—

"Sit down, English gentlemen," said he, in a barbarous corruption of my native language. 'Sit down, sit down. Oh! I go make you nice dinner.' I be in England; I make the kitchen to Lord Salisbury. Do you understand Lord Salisbury? *Connaissez-vous Lord Salisbury?* What between himself and his English, I have seldom met any thing equal to him. He had all the importance, too, of his profession; there was a gravity in his emptiness, and a politeness in his gravity. When he cooked, his whole soul seemed in the dish; but when any one addressed him, his face relaxed into a smile, and the dish was forgot. The pride of his heart was in his saucepans, which hung up in innumerable shining rows above our heads, burnished like the armour of Achilles; and from those saucepans he produced fare worthy the great Lucullus. Indeed, he was the best cook I ever met; but that is easily accounted for. He had been cook to a seminary of Catholic priests, and quitted it upon some quarrel. The good father directors, soon finding how much their palates lost by his absence, wished him to return; and he shewed, with no small triumph, a letter he had received to that effect. I copied, and gave it word for word. The colouring might be heightened, but it is better as it is; and, as a specimen of an epistle from a priest to a cook, it is unique:—

"Paris, 5 Juillet, 1835.

"Mon cher Monsieur, — Voici ce que Monsieur le Supérieur m'a dit de vous répondre. 'Si vous voulez être bien raisonnable, bien gentil, être bon chrétien, vous conformer en tout aux règles de la maison, vous n'avez que revenir au plutôt. Je ferai votre affaire.' Voilà ses propres paroles. Je me réjouis de cette heureuse nouvelle que je vous apprend. Je dis que c'est pour vous une heureuse et très heureuse nouvelle, car, on peut-on être mieux que dans une maison où, si l'on veut, l'on peut se sanctifier si facilement, et mériter le bonheur du Paradis? Venez donc au plus vite, venez dans ce saint séminaire, où vous vous rendrez digne du ciel, j'en suis sûr. Je suis, avec amitié, votre très dévoué, JEAN BAPTISTE C."

"P. S. Je me porte beaucoup mieux."

Many of the fragments are familiar to us, and

we are glad to see old favourites so pleasantly collected together.

A Guide to the Reading of the Greek Tragedians. By the Rev. J. Major, M.A. Head Master of King's College School, London. London, 1836. Valpy; Longman and Co.; Whittaker and Co.; and Baldwin.

A Manual of the Political Antiquities of Greece, Historically Considered. From the German of C. F. Hermann, Professor in the University of Heidelberg. Oxford, 1836. Talboys; London, Whittaker and Co.; Simpkin and Marshall; and Macpherson.

The Public and Private Life of the Ancient Greeks. By Heinrich Hase, Ph. D. Inspector of the Collection of Antiques and Medals at Dresden. London, 1836. Murray.

WHEN we are surrounded on every side by publications of a similar nature to those whose names stand at the head of this article, we are easily led to reflect on the extraordinary facility of acquiring information enjoyed by the scholar of the present day, when compared with the laborious researches necessary for the same object in times of old. The student of that age, in order to slake the most trifling thirst, was forced to go to the spring-head; the road to which was but too often so choked up with thorns and brambles as, in some cases, entirely to stop his progress, or, at any rate, materially to lessen the pleasure of the draught when obtained. This trouble, however, to gain his purpose, was eminently useful in many respects: that which was gained after so much toil was not likely to be unduly appreciated, or soon forgotten; and, though his course sometimes lay through a rude desert, yet he might, here and there, light upon a fertile spot amply repaying any extra exertions. The mind, too, ceased to be dismayed at a prospect of ruggedness and difficulty, and habits of perseverance and industry were engendered; the valuable fruits of which were reaped in all after proceedings. How different is the situation of the aspirant in these modern times! The waters of knowledge are, as it were, laid on to every one's habitation, and, with the slightest exertion, the streams of Helicon murmur within reach of their worshipper. On whatever subject information may be required, we are sure to find some little volume offering to our view the discoveries and doctrines of antiquity, and, at the expense of a few hours, make ourselves masters of the results of the labour of years.

The name of Mr. Major has come much before the public as an indefatigable editor and compiler of the remarks and canons of Porson, *καὶ τῶν ἄλλων Περὶ Ποσειδωνίου*. The "School and College Classics," edited by this gentleman, have, we believe, obtained no inconsiderable circulation: and they are, indeed, well adapted for the use of juvenile readers. We doubt, however, if there were any occasion for the publication of this *Guide to the Reading of the Greek Tragedians*. The very name of this book renounces all claim to originality, as it embraces a subject which has, perhaps, been more thoroughly investigated and discussed of late years than any other: accordingly, on our first survey, it seemed little better than a variation of the well-known "Theatre of the Greeks;" and, on a stricter examination, we find the difference scarcely sufficient to justify Mr. Major in bringing this branch of literature again before the public. The most valuable part of this performance is the collection of the remarks made by Porson, Bloomfield, Monk, and other scholars, which we do not remember to have seen brought together before; but

these might surely have been published in their own merits, without being tacked on to the eternal extracts from "Bentley's Phalaris," and "Cumberland's Observer." The work, however, independent of its resemblance to its predecessor, is very laudably executed; but we should advise Mr. Major to apply his evidently immense reading to a better purpose, by enriching the world with the ideas suggested by his own experience, and leave the drudgery of compilation to those whose time cannot be more profitably employed.

The remaining works calling for our notice, are translations from the German of Hermann and Dr. Hase. The name of Hermann has long been connected with Grecian literature, from the time of the celebrated Godofren, so distinguished by the especial ill will of Porson, who has left his opinion of the acquirements of the German and his countrymen in the famous paraphrase of the epigram of Phocylides. This effusion of the Heidelberg professor sustains the honour of his name. As the character of the work is familiar to most scholars, we abstain at present from entering into a critical discussion of its contents; and merely say that it is one of the most favourable specimens of the industry and judgment of our Teutonic brethren. The translator has conferred a valuable gift upon the public in his selection, and we have no doubt, from the accuracy and clearness of his style, this *Manual* will be eagerly sought for by those whose ignorance of the German language debars them from the perusal of the original.

The "Public and Private Life of the Ancient Greeks," is neatly translated; but we conceive that, as in the case of the work we have noticed above, there is not enough of new and interesting matter to entitle it to supersede the elaborate "Archæology" of Archbishop Potter, or the modern "Compendium" of that work by Paul. Where, however, these authors are not already possessed, this essay will be found an efficient substitute. We must observe, in conclusion, that we entertain the highest opinion of any attempt to aid the progress of education; but we would caution those who profess this object, to be careful in the selection of their paths, and interfere as little as possible with those spots which have already been carefully surveyed and described by their predecessors.

The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman. By the Countess of Blessington. Illustrated by six Female Portraits, by E. J. Parris. London, 1836. Longman and Co.

THIS is a most charming volume,—full of the nice feeling, the keen perception, and the delicate mind of a woman. Lady Blessington seems resolved to try "each mood of the lyre," and prove herself "mistress of all." Certainly an elderly gentleman, who has been in love six times, has done his duty by the female sex. However, the six lovely faces collected by Parris quite warrant the proceeding. Each face has its separate history delightfully done. The fair author has given the vitality of life, and the grace of poetry. First, there is one of those fair and fragile creatures that seem spiritualised by the doom of an early death. Next, a brilliant coquette; then a noble picture of

"How divine a thing
A woman may be made."

Then comes one who justifies Moore's lines—

"But still thou'rt so charming to me,
I'd rather, my exquisite mother,
Repose in the twilight of thee,
Than bask in the noon of another."

She has succeeded by, to use a very lady-like expression, a perfect darling—just a phantom of delight—all youth, beauty, and happiness. Lastly, we have an arch, lively girl, transformed into the staid matron. There is one most natural touch—the widow listening to the creaking boots of the boy, because they remind her of his father. But we must let the work speak for itself, and select the following piquant illustration of the old proverb, that "listeners never hear any good of themselves." The gentleman is about to be married to the subject of the following discourse:—

"While I was discussing my solitary repast, I heard voices, familiar to my ear, command dinner to be brought to them, at the table next to mine, and only divided from me by the screen. When I recognised the tones of Lord Henry and Sir John, for whose vicinity, at that period, I felt no peculiar desire, I congratulated myself on the precaution which had induced me to use this barrier. 'When did you come to town?' asked Lord Henry. 'I only arrived an hour ago,' was the reply. 'I came last night, and am on my way to Avonmore's.' 'Have you heard that our pretty friend, Arabella Wilton, is going to be married?' and to Lyster, too?' 'Est-il possible?' 'Yes, positively to Lyster, whom we have heard her abuse and ridicule a thousand times.' I felt my ears begin to tingle, and verified the truth of the old proverb, 'listeners never hear good of themselves.' 'By the by, you were a little smitten there, and, at one time, I began to think you had serious intentions, as they call it—eh! Sir John?' 'Why, so Arabella took it into her wise head to fancy, too; but I was not quite so young as all that. No, no, Arabella is a devilish nice girl to flirt with; but the last, the very last, I would think of as a wife.' 'Now, there I differ from you; for she is precisely the sort of person I should think of as a wife.' 'You don't say so?' 'Yes, I do; but, then, it must be as the wife of another: and, when she is so, I intend to be—one of her most assiduous admirers.' I felt my blood boil with indignation; and was on the point of discovering my proximity to the speakers, when Sir John resumed. 'What a flat Lyster must be, to be gulled into marrying her! I never thought they could have succeeded in deceiving him to such an extent, though I saw they were playing us off against the poor devil.' 'Oh! by Jove, so did I, too; and if our supposed matrimonial projects led to his real one, I don't regret it, for poor Arabella's sake—for she was most impatient to change her name.' 'Only think of the aunt's sending me Lyster's letter of proposal!' 'Capital! capital! the plot thickens; for she, also, sent it to me.' 'You don't say so?' 'I swear she did; and what is more, I can give you chapter and verse; for Lyster was so matter-of-fact in detailing his readiness to make liberal settlements—and liberal they certainly were—that I remember nearly the words of his letter to *madame la tante*.' 'And what reason did the old she-fox assign for consulting you on the subject?' 'The old one, to be sure, of considering me as a friend to the family.' 'Exactly the same reason she gave for consulting me.' 'She stated to me that Arabella had a positive dislike to Mr. Lyster; and she feared (mark the cunning of the old woman) that this dislike to so unexceptionable a *parti* originated in her having a preference elsewhere; and, therefore, she had determined to ask my opinion whether she ought to influence her niece to accept Lyster.' 'In short, a roundabout way of soliciting you to propose for Arabella yourself. The exact sense of her

letter to me.' 'I dare be sworn they were fac-similes. *Madame la tante* added, that her niece was by no means committed with Mr. Lyster; for, that she had been so guarded, when he asked (on observing her coldness) if his proposal was disagreeable to her, as merely to repeat, with a shudder, the word he had uttered—disagreeable.' Well did I recollect this circumstance, trifling as it was; and overpowering were the sensations of anger and mortified vanity that oppressed me on recalling it to memory. 'Well,' resumed Lord Henry, 'so you wrote, as did I, to advise, by all means, that Mr. Lyster should be accepted?' 'Yes, precisely; for I thought it the most prudent advice from a friend of the family.'—'Ha! ha! ha!—for the soul of me I can't help laughing!' 'Ha! ha! ha! nor I neither. Both of us consulted, and for the same motive!' 'It's capital, and worthy of the old lady, who has as much cunning, and as little heart, as any dowager in the purlieus of St James's.' 'I'll lay an even wager that we twain were not the only single men consulted on the occasion.' 'For my part, I should not wonder if the letters had been circular!—ha! ha! ha!' 'And how simple Lyster must be! for, while the aunt was sending round his proposal to all the admirers of her niece, he must have been impatiently waiting for her answer.' 'Luckless devil! I pity him; (oh! how I writhed!) he has been atrociously taken in; yet I am glad that poor Arabella has at last secured a good establishment; for, I confess, I have a *faisleuse* for her. Indeed, to say the truth, I should have been ungrateful if I had not; for, I believe—in fact I have reason to know, that the preference to which the old aunt alluded had more truth in it than she imagined.' 'So I suspect, too; for, without vanity, I may own, that I believe the poor girl had a *penchant* for your humble servant.' 'For you?' 'Yes, for me; is there any thing so very extraordinary in her liking me, that you look so surprised and incredulous?' 'Why, yes, there is something devilishly extraordinary; for, if I might credit Arabella's own assertion, her *penchant* was quite in a different quarter.' 'You don't mean to say it was for you?' 'And what if I did? Is there any thing more astonishing in her feeling a preference for me than for you?' 'I merely suppose that she could not have a *penchant* for us both at the same time; and I have had reason, and very satisfactory reason, too, to be satisfied that she liked me.' 'And I can swear, that I have heard her ridicule you, in your absence, until I have been compelled to take your part, though she often made me laugh, the dear creature did it so cleverly. Ha! ha! ha! the recollection makes me laugh even now.' 'And I have heard her attack you with such acrimony, that even an enemy must have allowed that her portrait of you was caricatured; and yet, there was so much drollery in her manner of shewing you up, that it was impossible to resist laughing. Ha! ha! ha!' 'Lord Henry, I beg to inform you, that I allow no man to laugh at my expense.' 'Permit me to tell you, Sir John, that I ask no man's permission to laugh, when I am so disposed.' 'Am I to consider that you mean to be personal?' 'You are perfectly at liberty to consider what you please.' 'My friend shall call on you to-morrow morning, to name a place for our meeting.' 'I shall be quite ready to receive him.' And *crit* Lord Henry, followed, in a few minutes, by Sir John.

The story is singularly lively, and lighted up by a myriad of observations either shrewd or

touching. We heartily congratulate Lady Blessington on her performance. She is an admirable confessor.

Athens and Attica; Journal of a Residence there. By the Rev. C. Wordsworth, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Correspondent of the Archaeological Institute at Rome, and Head Master of Harrow School. London, 1836. Murray.

THE title of Mr. Wordsworth's book disarms us of any critical severity we may possess. Athens and Attica! Who can resist the flood of sweet and noble recollections that, on the mere mention of these names, gushes upon the mind? The thoughts and fancies, long hidden since our school-boy days, start again with more than original freshness into light and being. Visions after visions of brightness rapidly succeed each other; and the "ancient of days, august Athena," pours forth her hosts of warriors, poets, statesmen, philosophers, and all those who from their inward light shed a passing gleam on the otherwise dark existence of man. But it is not now our place to indulge in the dreams and illusions that with us the remembrance of Greece always conjures up; and we must bid farewell to the pleasing images created by the perusal of this book, for the occupation of enriching our readers with some idea of its contents. Mr. Wordsworth is deeply imbued with a devout spirit of reverence to the illustrious names of old; every spot on his road reminds him of those in whose footsteps he was treading, and whose shades still seemed to linger in and consecrate their favourite scenes. In his writings we are, as it were, transported to Athens, in its high and palmy state, and rise from his book with the consciousness of having just breathed the same air as Plato and his immortal master. Let the reader enjoy with us this description of the well-known Bema:—

"The Pnyx, from its position and its openness, supplied the orator who spoke there with sources of eloquence influencing himself, and objects of appeal acting on his audience, which no other place of a similar object, not even the Roman Forum itself, has ever paralleled in number or interest. First of all, the Athenian orator, standing on the Bema of the Pnyx, had the natural elements at his service. There was the sky of Attica above his head, the soil of Attica beneath his feet, and, above all, the sea of Attica visible behind him. Appeals to the ruling powers of these elements, in other places vague and unmeaning, here were generally just and sometimes necessary. Here, without any unnatural constraint, he could fetch the deities from those elements, and place them, as it were, on this platform before him. They would appear to answer his call, not like stage-deities, let down *ex machina*, but as stepping spontaneously from those visible elements, in which they were believed to dwell. There must, therefore, have been something inexpressibly solemn in the ejaculation, *ὦ γῆ καὶ οὐρανὸς ὦ ἄνθρωποι*! *O Earth and Gods!* uttered in his most sublime periods by Demosthenes in this place. Nor was it merely that the sea and the sky, the vales and mountains of his native land, by which he was immediately surrounded, gave nerve and energy to the eloquence of the speaker here, which no other excitement could so well supply: so that we seem, as it were, still to inhale the air of Attica from the pages of Demosthenes; he had not merely the natural elements in his favour, but he had also those historical objects, both of nature and art, immediately around him, by which the

imagination of his audience was most forcibly excited, and in which their affections were most deeply interested. Visible behind him, at no great distance, was the scene of Athenian glory, the island of Salamis. Nearer, was the Peiræus, with its arsenals lining the shore, and its fleets floating upon its bosom. Before him was the crowded city itself. In the city, immediately below him, was the circle of the Agora, planted with plane-trees, adorned with statues of marble, bronze, and gilded, with painted porticos, and stately edifices, monuments of Athenian gratitude and glory; a little beyond it, was the *Aeropagus*; and, above all, towering to his right, rose the Acropolis itself, faced with its Propylæa as a frontlet, and surmounted with the Parthenon as a crown."

We will now turn to the following picture:—
"Here we stand now before the Propylæa of the Athenian Acropolis. Through that door, in the centre of this building, moved the periodic processions of the Panathenæic Jubilee. The marks of their chariot-wheels are still visible on the stone floor of its entrance. In the narrow space between those two runs in the pavement, the feet of the noblest Athenians, since the age of Pericles, have trod. Here, above all places at Athens, the mind of the traveller enjoys an exquisite pleasure. It seems as if this portal had been spared in order that our imagination might send through it, as through a triumphal arch, all the glories of Athenian antiquity in visible parade. In our visions of that spectacle we would unroll the long Panathenæic frieze of Phidias, representing that spectacle, from its place on the marble walls of the cella of the Parthenon, in order that, endued with ideal life, it might move through this splendid avenue, as its originals did of old. The erection of the Propylæa was commenced at the most brilliant period of Athenian history. The year itself, the archonship of Euthymenes, in which the enterprise was undertaken, seems to have been proverbial for its sumptuous conceptions. The Propylæa were completed in five years. They were henceforth always appealed to as the proudest ornaments of the Athenian city. The day in which it should be their lot to guide their festal car in the sacred procession through this doorway into the citadel was held out by fond mothers to their aspiring sons as one of the most glorious in their future career. Even national enemies paid homage to the magnificence of the fabric; for when, in the Theban assembly, Epaminondas intended to convey to his audience that they must struggle to transfer the glory of Athens to Thebes, he thus expressed that sentiment by a vivid image:—"O men of Thebes! you must uproot the Propylæa of the Athenæan Acropolis, and plant them in front of the Cadmean Citadel."

The following remarks allude to the proclamation of Otho:—

"What a change has been wrought in this city, since the supposed relics of Theseus, the old Athenian king, were welcomed by the people of Athens with the sound of poetry and music to this very spot! and how little changed is the temple, which once witnessed that scene and now witnesses the present demonstrations of welcome to the new monarch of Greece! Were this temple endued with sense, how must it marvel at these vicissitudes; how, having beheld that ancient pageant, must it wonder at the ceremony of to-day; how must it be astonished to hear a Bishop of Athens pronouncing that three powers, England, France, and Russia, countries whose existence is never dreamt of before, have sent

hither a king from a strange and distant land, to be proclaimed to the Athenian people on that self-same spot which was formerly believed to contain beneath its soil the venerable ashes of Theseus!"

We trust the reader has now enough before him to understand the nature of this work. Mr. Wordsworth's style is, occasionally, not very harmonious, but, as he warms with the beauty of his subject, he shows himself fully equal to the mighty task of placing Athens in all her former glory before us. To those who had the good fortune to be contemporaries with Mr. Wordsworth's brilliant career at Trinity, any notice on our part of the deep and critical scholarship evinced in nearly every page, would seem superfluous. We rejoice to see this gentleman in a situation where his pre-eminent talent may find its proper employment, and tend to revive the somewhat dormant feeling in favour of our public schools.*

The drawings and plans that accompany the letter-press, on comparison with Colonel Leake's designs, seem accurate, and are very useful to the reader in making him fully competent to enter into the topographical details. We have no doubt that our judgment of this work will be eminently confirmed by the public, and that in a short time it will grace the shelves of every scholar and gentleman.

Oriental Historical Manuscripts, &c.

(Second notice.)

MR. TAYLOR prefers, with some learned authorities, the site of Cashgar for his Ararat, because the first settlers "journeyed from the east" to Shinar; because ancient western testimonies, some Chaldean traditions, early accounts of the Chinese, and some early Assyrian vestiges, besides Sir W. Jones, and Colonel Wilford, countenance, more or less, the last locality. We have expressed our opinion of Sir W. Jones, and Mr. Taylor himself doubts and disclaims Colonel Wilford every where else. The arguments, however, are before us, and we take those which our author has selected. "Ancient western testimonies are brought from Portius Cato and Justin. The first says, '250 years before Ninus, the earth was overflowed with waters, and mankind began again in Saga-Scythia.' Justin intimates that 'the Scythians might contend for priority of origin with the most ancient nations of the world.' Now Saga-Scythia is in the same latitude with Bactria, between the Caspian sea and Imaus, north of Mount Parapamisus." Justin's remark has nothing to do with the point in dispute with Mr. Taylor, any more than the Chaldean traditions he quotes, that "Xisuthrus, quitting the ark, offered sacrifice, and, with his wife and daughter, disappeared; but his sons journeyed towards Babylon;" nor need we place against Justin's claim for antiquity in behalf of the Scythians the directly opposite assertion of Herodotus,—an inferior testimony on this subject, we admit: but it is clear that Mr. Taylor has mistaken, in his respect for Shuckford, on whose authority he builds too confidently, the locality of Saga-Scythia. He, with Shuckford before him, has confounded the later Sace with the Saga-Scythians, overlooking the distinct testimony of Strabo, *Σάκαι οἱ Ἀγασίους ἀνατιθέμενοι τῇ ἀφ' ἧς τῆς γῆς; the Sace occu-*

* *En passant*, we are tempted to ask why Harrow does not look for his head master among her own sons, like the rest of the great public schools? The late head-master, Dr. Longley, was one of the chosen of Westminster; and Winchester, we believe, claims Mr. Wordsworth. There are surely Harrovians enough fit for the office, and it seems unnatural to pass over their pretensions in favour of strangers.

pied the richest soil of Armenia; and, he proceeds, they called it, from themselves, Saccasena.* If the Sace, then, of Cellarius's map, parallel to the Bactrians, are to be of any service in the argument as Scythians, it is clearly against, not for, the two divines, as proving their own eastward migration: for Herodotus affirms, and he is supported by Plutarch, that the original land of Scythia was near the Araxes. Now, since Noah lived 350 years after the flood, he was probably living at the time of the confusion of tongues, generally assigned to about 200 years after the Deluge: and the silence of the Bible is partially supplied by the very Chaldean tradition quoted by the two divines, against their own argument also: for, it appears, he "became a husbandman," while his children left him for Babylon, and their descendants lost sight of him for ever. Eastern tradition here takes up the thread of his destiny, with the Saca-dwipa, or tract north-east of Himalaya, settled by his descendants, according to the Brahmins; a subsequent family, we must suppose, to the Babylonian sojourners; and hence the Chinese account brings the Patriarch to Shen-si, their north-western province. Now, if we examine the Sace of Imaus, we find them close to the Seres, or presumed Chinese: unless, therefore, we are to concede their own fabulous origin to the Chinese, we may fairly presume them to have carried the traditions of the Sace-Scythians further eastward still: and yet we distinctly assert, that there is nothing in the history, traditions, language, or writing of China, to induce us to give them credit when they claim a separate origin from the rest of mankind. Nor to the Brahmins, whose monstrous impostures in mythology and astronomy have blinded us to the minor falsehoods of their literature, learning, and history.

Mr. Taylor may undervalue Abydenus, Nicolaus Damascenus, and Josephus; but Berossus is full in his way, and he does not essay to deny his assertion, that the ark rested on one of the mountains of Armenia. He notices, too, Father Chamich's assumption *as a matter of course*, that the ark rested there: "but then this writer," he observes, "is very modern." In fairness, he ought also to have quoted the worthy chronicler, Moses of Chorene, who cites the traditions preserved 150 years before Christ by Mar-Ibas-Cateni, at the order of Val Araxes; and these affirm, that the ark rested on the mountains of Gord-onai, which we find laid down by Cellarius, Cluverius, &c. in the country of the Curds, in Armenia: thus fully confirming Berossus, who, strongly as his authority has been impugned, is continually supported by eastern writers, as we shall hereafter discover more fully. To this mass of ascertained evidence the fictitious records of China are trivial. To this hour in Armenia the tradition remains, and the city of Nakshivan, or the *ship's resting-place*, points out the locality of Ararat there. The luxuriance of the grape and quality of the wines render it probable as the site of the first vineyard. Persia has preserved, but disfigured, the earliest discovery of wine by a sovereign whom we at once recognise as of the Noachical race from Western writers; and the Jewish record, the Chaldaic legend, the Armenian tradition, the Persian reference, and the Indian and Chinese exaggeration, all concur to tempt probably the most literal interpretation of the Scripture, that Noah became not merely the husbandman, but *האדמה*, *the man of the*

* They reached from the Cappadocians to the Euxine, says the geographer; and we find them later occupying the eastern land rising north, or north-eastward.

soil, of Armenia, as though the patriarch became the first settler.

Though the Armenians of the present age claim for their existing tongue the most remote antiquity, it is obviously a mixture of Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, and Zend. That Chamich, therefore, should have been ignorant of the proper derivation of his native country's name, can surprise no one acquainted with this fact; and his derivation of Armenia from *Arach*, the name (it was a title), he, in confessed ignorance, believes to be that of an ancient king, confirms our suggestions of the real source, and of the ignorance of modern Armenians, as well as the fact of his own candour. We cannot compliment Mr. Taylor on this last point, since, while denying the authority of Father Chamich, he uses that same authority to controvert his opponents.

We need not discuss the word *Haregi*, mountains, of Ararat, since there are two peaks prominent from the chain. It would be strange to discover all antiquity wrong, in order that Taylor, like Niebuhr, should be right; but we must feel surprise that a professed Hebrew scholar should pass over the original meaning of a common Hebrew word, while he triumphantly affirms that the passage in Genesis, "from the east," has not been met in answer to Shuckford. Mr. Taylor himself observes, that "in a language known to have undergone such changes as did the very ancient Hebrew," "a late authority (he refers to Habakkuk) is not a safe criterion." But is not the *east* the second meaning of the word, *מזרח*, the original being, *ancient, primary, the original*? Is it fair to consider it only as *before*, to embarrass the argument to English sense? Does not the *east* receive its name *מזרח*, from preceding the west, thence called *מזרח*, or the *latter*, in reference to the globe's rotation? and does not this application of the word shew it to have existed with its proper meaning of *first* before it could designate *precession*? *מזרח* *קודם* we can easily understand as, "and it came to pass that as they journeyed from the former land," namely, where the ark and Noah had rested, not necessarily east of Shinar, but consonant with traditional locality. The Chaldaic paraphrase of the Targum Onkelos, giving *מזרח* *במזרח* *במזרח*, renders it in the sense of time previous, and not of the relative position: "cum proficisceretur in principio." And is it consistent to imagine that the *קודם* of Genesis (c. ii. v. 8, by many rendered at *first*, or *originally*), should be there understood as *towards the east*, and in the 11th chapter of the same book, and no *later authority*, mean from the *east*?

But, argue the two divines, unless Noah's earliest posterity peopled Bactria, how came she able to resist the early invasion of Ninus? This, if not the worst, is the weakest of arguments, or rather a mere begging the question. Surely, in the 300 years that Mr. Taylor says elapsed before this invasion, Bactria, like Assyria, was peopled, and from the same original stock; sufficiently so to enable a kingdom to resist an invading army, already weak by war and distance. Civilisation might be, and was, concentrated in Bactria as well as in Nineveh. In the midst of these weak reasonings, Mr. Taylor throws up a striking and singular statement. The Hindu records relate the wars of Surs and Assurs; the Surs are evidently their ancient progenitors of another country; the Assurs are Assyrians; and these genii wars but disfigured history! The point is worth considering, perhaps, hereafter.

We turn from these MSS. at the mention of

the temple at Kailastri, whose goddess, it seems, is the same with that of Kailasa, in the north, to quote Colonel Vans Kennedy's derivation of the word Kalyastri, described by the historian Ctesias as *Cynocephali*, or a dog-headed race, with teeth and claws, tearing their prey, and speaking only in a bark; and who, to the number of 120,000, inhabited the mountains extending to the Indus. The colonel derives their name from the Sanscrit *Kala-vastri* (in Persian, *siah-posh*), i. e. the black-vestured: and Professor Wilson, whose notes on *Ctesias* maintain a fame to which nothing can be added, shews them to be the *Daradæ* of Ptolemy and *Dardai* of Megasthenes; *Darada* signifying to tear, or rend; and hence the professor considers the story of the teeth and talons to have arisen. Learning and acuteness of research, like that we have just cited, will, doubtless, vindicate Ctesias, who, we imagine, like his great rival, Herodotus, till lately, has been reproached with much of the ignorance of his readers, as chronicling fables; though, by these alone, many fragments of antiquity are preserved to us. The marvels of former ages are in general little beyond facts, misunderstood or exaggerated. The more we penetrate the cloud that shrouds the past, the better we are enabled to appreciate the value of these tales, once deemed so ridiculous, and the wonderment of which has preserved them for history, when historical records have perished. When we find these slighted relations developed, or developing into truths, by such minds as those of the two able orientalist we have mentioned, we may reasonably imagine that the records themselves are worthy of more serious examination than has been attempted till now. The Persian king, who smiled at the Greek physician's history, had more excuse for his ignorance than we; and since this warlike race, found on the Indus, expert archers, and fairer than Asiatics in general, preserve in their hair and features, light complexions, and blue eyes, the remarkable lineaments of a Scythian race, we would ourselves suggest that the Cnidian historian's error might not be altogether a verbal one, as the Sanscrit professor seems to think it is. We find Herodotus, and he is followed by Justin, relating the preservation of the infant Cyrus by the herdsman, Mitridates, and his wife, Cyno, "called by the Medes, Spaco," says the father of history; "and Spaca is the Median name for a bitch." The scene of this preservation was the mountains near the Euxine: and we learn from the same writer that it was afterwards pretended that Cyrus was saved by a bitch. *Nutrici spacos postea nomen fuit*, relates Justin, *quia canem Persæ sic vocant*. Nor, though lost to the present language of Persia, in which it probably never existed, is the word extinct altogether; but of this more hereafter. It is surely not unreasonable to imagine that the memory of so great a service to so great a king was likely to be cherished, and the descendants of Spaca held in estimation, even by the name of their parent. Such incidents have given an appellation to tribes; and if the Daradas might boast of having a Spacos for their head, or chief, the error of Ctesias would lie rather in the *idea* than the *word*: even this conversion of the idea is, probably, his informant's error, not his own—the dog-governed, not the dog-headed. That the Monguls and Chinese preserve a si-

milar legend, tends to prove that the narrators were in fault, not the historian. Professor Wilson, in furnishing this case of the *κυνόκεφαλοι* with legs to stand upon, will pardon us for going to the head of the argument.

In the obscure question, whether *Jainas* and *Baudhists* are of common origin? Mr. Taylor, noticing the denial of the Ceylonese priests to any relation with the Hindu Buddha, lays some stress on the two words being somewhat different in the orthography of their respective religionists. Could he have been ignorant that the Cingalese system of sounds, though uniform as regards the letters, yet differs widely at times from their apparent arrangement, and that, therefore, the orthography is not necessarily a criterion? As for the word *Buddh*, or *Bodha*, it is, as all the world knows, the common term for an old man in Hindoostan; in reverence or ridicule, whether prophet, sage, follower, or fool. To argue, then, from the word itself, however spelt, as regards its origin, is to search for identification in the S. P. Q. R. of Rome; and as to the enmity of Baudhist and Hindu, it is indicative of near relationship, from its very sincerity and strength. It is a singular fact, that every *earnest*, but *erring*, creed inculcates mutual hatred between sectarists in the place of mutual love. The appearance of a somewhat sceptical sage, or, more properly, an imaginative mysticist—for his tenets are rather Western than Indian—at Benares, is not a whit more incredible than that of Leo-tze in China, or Jacob Behmen in Europe; for the fact itself, though neither for the absolute place nor time, the admitted incarnation of Vishnu, as *Buddh*, is evidence: the Brahmins were ever prone to include all that could do them credit in their system. A portion of them still receive the *Avatar*; and if the great majority reject, it is probably because they discovered promptly that the existence of that revelation was subversive of their own. We repeat, the hatred is too deadly not to be fraternal. The assertion of the natives of Conjeveram, that Baudhism preceded Brahminism, can only, in our opinion, mean, correctly, that Brahminism is a usurpation of the old system, which Buddha was fain to restore; and hence the confusion of two Buddhas, like two Zoroasters, with their similar doctrines of transmigration and absorption into Divine essence.

We quote part of the following anecdote, as we intend to recur to it hereafter:—

"It so happened that, as the king was deformed, he was persuaded to embrace the Samunal faith, and the Brahmins were in consequence distressed; their religion was depreciated, and the bare head, rolled-up mat, drinking vessel suspended from the wrist by a cord, peacock fans, and other emblems of the Jainas, their disgusting poverty, and the more disgusting recitations of their books, were every where perceptible. Notwithstanding, the queen and the minister secretly preserved the Saiva faith; and not daring to put the *Vibuthi* (or ashes) on their foreheads, they put it on the crown of their heads. They also went by stealth to worship in the Saiva temple: when there, one day a Pandaram, of the Saiva sect, approached and saluted them; who, in reply to inquiries, said he came from Chittarabaram, and that a prodigy had recently appeared there in the person of the son of a Brahmin, who, when only three years of age, had displayed

extraordinary precocity, and had since confounded persons of maturer years: adding, that he had spoken about coming to Madura. On receiving this intelligence, the queen and the minister wrote on a palm-leaf a short epistle, inviting the Brahmin to come, and sent it by the Pandaram. When the young man was about to set forward, his elders and friends came round him, to represent the great danger of one so young going among a hostile sect: adding also, that it was a bad time. He replied, that he cared not about good or bad times, or days, the Supreme Being protecting him; and setting out on his journey, when he came near to Madura he blew the trumpet, usually indicating conquest. Some of the Samunal sect encountering him, asked scornfully, 'How one so young could assume such airs of superiority or defiance?' But he went tranquilly on till he came to Madura, and then took up his abode in the house of a Brahmin. While there, the adverse party, by means of their ceremonies, sent a flame to destroy him; but as he continued unharmed, they came and set fire to the house in which he sojourned. On learning that this was the work of the Samunals, he said, 'Let the flame go and seize the king, who protects these miscreants.' In consequence of this malediction, Huna-Pandion was seized with a burning fever, from which he sought relief in vain. His queen and minister now took the opportunity of recommending the young Saiva to his notice; but the king objected, on the ground of impropriety, owing to a difference of faith: which objection was, in the end, overruled. The Samunals, however, interposed; and though they could not prevent the king from seeking a cure, yet, to interpose as much difficulty as possible, they proposed that they themselves should try to cure the king on one side of his body, while the Saiva did the same on the other side; to which arrangement consent was given. The Samunals now tried their utmost efforts, but the king, instead of being benefited, only became worse. It next came to the Saiva's turn, who exhibited some of the sacred ashes; on which the Samunals exclaimed that this was unfair, as the ashes might conceal some medicine. The Brahmin then said, 'Let me have some of the ashes from the kitchen of the god's temple brought to me.' On this request being granted, he proceeded to rub one side of the king's body entirely with these ashes, and left that side cured. The king begged him to cure the other side also; and since the adverse party could not oppose, the young Brahmin cured the other side also in like manner. At the same time the hump on the king's shoulders became reduced, and in place of *Kuna Pandion* (hump-backed), he acquired that of *Savantiren* (beautiful). Gratefully acknowledging his obligations to Sampantan, he embraced the Saiva faith, received instruction, and became a holy man. The Samunals were much chagrined and envenomed by what had occurred, and agreed upon an ordeal by fire, as the means of bringing about a change. * * * They proceeded to the king, represented that he had done them injustice, and requested that themselves, and the young Saiva, might be directed to write each one a chant on palm-leaves; all of which should be subjected to the trial of fire; and the production that should remain unconsumed, should be considered as belonging to the true faith. To this proposal all parties consented; and on a set day they proceeded to some little distance, when the *Homa* (or sacrifice of fire) was prepared. The Samunals depended on their employment of the *Agni-Kattu* (or charm

* *Κυνὸς κατὰ τὴν τῶν Ἑλλήνων γλῶσσαν, κατὰ δὲ τὴν Μελίτιν Σπακὸν—τὴν γὰρ κύνιν καλεῖται Σπακὸν Μελίτι.*—Herodotus Clio.

against fire); nevertheless their writings were all consumed, amounting to 8000, and that of Samanthen alone remained uninjured. This ordeal did not give them satisfaction; and they proposed that the books should be written again, and the whole cast into the river Vygai; when that one which should ascend against the stream, should be declared to belong to the true faith. This challenge was also accepted; but the condition was now attached, that whichever of the parties should be conquered, should abjure his or their respective faith, and embrace the opposite one, or else be impaled alive. The trial was fixed for the following day; and a public procession having gone forth to the banks of the river Vygai, the ordeal by water proceeded, when every book of the Samunals was carried down with the stream, and that of the Saiva alone ascended. The trial being decisive, he now appealed to them, exhorting them not to perish, but to embrace the Saiva faith. The 8000 learned men who had written the palm leaves refused; and, with obstinate prejudice, put themselves on the impaling stakes; but the unlearned multitude, being afraid, snatched up the ashes emblematic of the Saiva faith and rubbed them on their foreheads; and others, not being able to get ashes, smeared themselves with unburnt cow-dung itself to escape death. Afterwards, the king with Sampanthan went westward 10 miles in search of the book which had ascended the stream, until they came to a place where the god was seated in the form of an aged Brahmin, who indicated the place where the book was to be found. * * The king built on that spot a pagoda, together with a town."

The impalement of the Samunal leaders is, it seems, a historical fact; we only doubt their *choosing* so torturing a death; and tradition and common sense alike point to the Brahmins as the destroyers.

After some remarks on the Hindu system, which we can well spare, as also the perpetual attacks on Col. Wilford, long since in his grave we believe, the author proceeds as follows; but not before making an allusion to Col. Vans Kennedy likewise, and which is placed justly in parentheses, for it were far better omitted altogether.

"We are aware that the day is scarcely past when such observations as these would not have been tolerated, without calling forth at least indignant emotions. But every unsound system must have its day; and when that is passed, people wonder how their predecessors could have been so enormously infatuated. And posterity will wonder when they know that * *Europeans have proved greater obstacles to native improvement than the so much magnified prejudices of the natives themselves.* The British legislature is holding forth privileges to natives on their becoming qualified; the natives are eagerly seeking for help and qualification: do let us see and aid them. It is a nobler and more godlike work than propping up tottering temples, and pampering proud and gormandising Brahmins. Give to these their temples altogether; give them their revenues unpolluted by the touch; but let us also give to the common people the blessings of sound education and common sense."

We presume our readers have little curiosity for the tale of Sita's *enlèvement*, or abduction to Ceylon; (the frequent recurrence of which act we presume to be one proof of common origin between our sister-island and the east), nor of the expedition of Rama to Ceylon to recover his spouse, assisted by seventy-two *velloms*, or

* The Italics are ours.

hordes of forest apes, against Ravana and his two thousand *velloms* of *racshasas*, or demons; a race, if we may judge from their portraits, exceeding even their invaders not more in numbers than ugliness, and, consequently, from *appearances*, a formidable undertaking. Hidden in fable as it is, there can be no doubt of the great antiquity of this invasion; probably, indeed, some centuries after the flood, as Jones believed. But Mr. Taylor has shewn that Rama, the son of Cush, was not, as Sir William supposed, the hero of this exploit. A long interval divides him from his namesake, the founder of Hastina Puri; and we thank our missionary for this investigation, since it does away with the necessity of an early civilisation of India, if fairly established; and for this purpose the Tamil MSS. may be of far greater importance to history than is generally supposed. We greatly distrust every syllable of the common belief on this head; and trust that our author will soon, from the documents now open to him of the Mackenzie collection, be enabled to furnish us with some unsuspicious matter on this subject. Something may have escaped even the penetrating eye of our great Sanscrit scholar, Wilson. We copy a hint: "The name of Rama, though so familiar to the Hindoos, has no import that we are aware of in Sanscrit, certainly none in Tamil; but, as in Hebrew it means lofty or excellent, there is little doubt that it is a primitive word, and possibly titular in its first application as a name." This is a fair specimen of the author's remarks, incomplete, negligent, but often ingenious. In his observations on this, as on every other subject scattered through the whole of this desultory and prolix work, he omits the contrast between the conduct of the Brahmin and Jainas on all matters connected with history, which the former have neglected, perverted, or destroyed, as best suited their own purposes, while the latter have treasured them with almost religious veneration wherever they could be found. We must confess to far greater hopes from records such as the latter, than from any thing in the more modern periods, at least, of Brahminical history, which we suspect will be found principally serviceable as *incidental* confirmations of other narratives.

The inscriptions found in Guzerat, and partly deciphered by Mr. Wathen, of Bombay, in the "Bengal Asiatic Transactions," are both grants of lands to priests about the 4th century of the Christian era, or later. From one of these, it appears that the donor, Bhatara Senapati, and his immediate successors, were satisfied with the title of general (as the latter word denotes), instead of king. Now place this in juxtaposition with Mr. Taylor's remark on the difference of names in two MSS. of the same period. "A difference so entire as regards rulers," he observes, "can only be explained, so far as we know, by reference to a practice which appears to have obtained in weak Indian governments, wherein the king seems to have been a mere pageant, and all real power in the hands of the commander of the army. Even so we have seen just before, that, while Saiva Balala was king of Mysore, the real power was in the hands of Danaicker, his military prime minister; so that even what ought to have been royal grants, were made in the name of the general." The mass of facts, assertions, and hypotheses, relative to India, are, indeed, so widely scattered over histories, translations, transactions of societies, and pamphlets of all kinds, and are in themselves often so contradictory and confused, that we think an oriental cyclopædia, to inform us ex-

actly, or as nearly as can be done, of all that we do know, and all that we do not know, would be a valuable present to our age and literature. Most works of this kind embrace too much, and from their nature, are either necessarily scanty and unsatisfactory, or else require a fortune and a century to complete. The consequence is, that they are useless and obsolete before they are finished, and the whole has to be begun over again. From the finite powers of the mind, also, it arises that the writers most competent on one division, or portion of a division, are imperfectly acquainted with another, yet undertake both; and hence, while we are presented with accurate details of Greek and Roman biography and history, those of the east are slurred over in the most unsatisfactory style. We give here an amusing anecdote:—

"The mother of a Rayer who ruled in former years, at the time of her death expressed a strong wish for a mango-fruit; but before the Rayer could cause it to be brought and given to her she died. After waiting a few days he ordered the Brahmins to be summoned, and inquired of them what was to be done in the case of any one who dies while longing for a mango fruit. They replied, that if he caused a thousand mangos of gold, each one weighing a hundred *palams* (a *palam* is one ounce and a half), to be made, and if he gave these to a thousand Brahmins, then that longing appetite would be removed from the departed soul. The Rayer caused the same to be done, and bathed on the day of her death. Thereupon the Rayer's jester, named Rama Kistna, said to all the Brahmins, I am waiting to do you some small service, you must condescend to me; and with this request he called them to his house. When some among them went, he carefully closed the door; and immediately, on causing them to be seated in order, he took a branding-iron that had been heating in the fire on the hearth, and bringing it, said, 'My respected mother, before she died, said, that if she were branded with a hot iron she would live, but before this could be done she attained a heavenly world.' In consequence, in order to give her satisfaction, you must be pleased, with a cool mind, to receive it in her stead.' And so saying, he cauterised some of them. Being greatly frightened, they all made their escape, and carried their complaint to the Rayer. He called for Rama Kistna, and said to him angrily, 'Knaves, what hast thou done?' He replied, 'When my lord's mother died, what she wished for was given to them; in like manner, what my mother desired, in order to satisfy her, I gave to them.' The Rayer, ashamed, remained silent."

We have purposely avoided touching in this review the parts that refer more particularly to the history of the Peninsula. It is, indeed, so large a field to enter upon, and pregnant with facts and conclusions so widely different from the commonly received accounts, as to require, if any, a separate investigation, and better light than the documents before us afford—meagre details, as we have already described them, and wholly destitute of philosophy, and even research. Such, indeed, has ever been the case in early times, with continental histories, till the ocean that unites by separating countries, has given to navigation the riches of commerce, and the selfishness of luxury and pride left in distant regions the traces of their footstep, which philosophy and science are long after vain to explore. The traffic of nations

* This courtesy of phrase we find extended to king. One of these, we find occasionally, "was at length died," i. e. put to death.

over land is restricted, laborious, and difficult, and the advantages to knowledge consequently few; but the sailor, touching at every port, becomes imperceptibly imbued with the spirit of every nation, and thus escapes from much of his original prejudices. Egypt and Tyre, though veiled or perished, threw the first light of civilisation on mankind. Arabia, Greece, and modern western Europe, have followed the same course, with the same results. The contrast is striking against Assyria, Persia, Rome, and continental Europe, till these caught the reflected light of the commercial states. But as England stands actually at the head of the maritime powers, a serious duty devolves on her in the exploration of her Eastern Empire, where, we are disposed to concur partially with Gibbon, Greek and other foreign civilisation has done so much to enlighten, and Brahminism so much more to oppress, the mind.

Major Skinner's Journey to India.

(Third notice.)

MAJOR SKINNER'S residence at Damascus and subsequent travel across the desert to the Euphrates, 480 miles,—again across to the Tigris at Bagdad,—his excursion to Babylon (Hillah),—his return to Bagdad and voyage down to Bussorah,—are all traced with a lively pencil. Except his personal adventures, however, there is not much to require our very particular notice on the score of extreme novelty; for, with all its strangeness, travelling in the East becomes somewhat monotonous in the long run. Of this we feel very little, if any thing, in the work before us; the author of which, like the swallows which accompanied him from Damascus, knows well how to dip and touch as he proceeds, just where there is matter worthy of his or his reader's attention. A few further extracts will shew this, and conclude our review.

At Damascus, he says, "I had the happiness to meet an English merchant in the city this morning, who came into it soon after the troops under Ibrahim Pasha had taken possession of it. With him are two gentlemen on their way to Bagdad, with whom I hope I may be so fortunate as to travel,—Captain Cotton on his route to India, and a converted Jew, who means to reside in the city of the Caliphs as a missionary among his own nation. Mr. Tod has been but a few months here, and has already gained a high reputation for the name of Englishman; the extent of his trade has as much surprised the Damascenes, as his manner of dealing has won their respect. It is fortunate, I think, that the first English merchant who has ever settled in this bigoted city, should be one so calculated to fix the national character in a high position. While living in the convent, I am led naturally to think a good deal about the monks and their doings. I find the superior has denounced all the Christians who may frequent Mr. Tod's house, or take any thing from him, on account of his having either sold, or circulated, gratis, some Arabic copies of the Bible. I happened to be in the superior's room, when a youth of about twelve years of age came in to answer for the enormity of having received one; he excused himself as well as he could, but without effect, until he declared, with great energy, that he had sent the poison back. He was saved excommunication, which is the threat held over the curious of the congregation. I was not prepared for this act of a Christian bigot in a Mussulman town. As very few books have come back, and as many are still applied for,

I suspect the priest may find his bulls of little force.

"Among the whimsical works in the city and its neighbourhood, there is one carried on at this gate to a great extent: several men, with their arms bare, are pulling with all their strength, for several hours a day, at what appear at first unusually long hanks of white yarn. I stood some time observing this scene, before I discovered that the cables were made of flour and sugar, which, when well kneaded together in this manner, is allowed to grow crisp, and sold as the favourite sweetmeat of the bazar.

"Few towns are so difficult to thread as Damascus. The streets are narrow, without any particular marks in them, and have a large door at each end, which is always closed at sunset, or very soon after, as a protection against thieves, and, I have read somewhere, wives: I proved, however, that a very small bribe will open it at any hour of the night, for there is always a gate-keeper at hand."

Fie, major! as we cannot suppose you to be one of the forty thieves, we should like to know for what you were prowling about and bribing gate-keepers? Was it for any adventure more fortunate than this?—

"In a house near the convent, I caught an occasional glimpse of so beautiful a face, that I was tempted to seek its light oftener, perhaps, than would be wise to acknowledge. I thought I had never seen so perfectly lovely a countenance. A grated window, which looked into the centre area of the house, concealed the figure from me, and prevented my seeing in what occupation so graceful a creature was engaged. As she cast her eyes upwards through the bars—and they were the most expressive eyes in the world—I was so fascinated, that she must have been duller than Eastern ladies generally are had she not perceived it. It happened, therefore, whenever I walked upon the terrace, that accident brought the beautiful Helena, for that was her name, to the grated window, and I grew impatient to liberate her from what seemed to me a most barbarous imprisonment. The happy moment, at length, arrived; I had bought a large bunch of violets in my ramble through the bazar, and, armed with so infallible an interpreter, I appeared at my post; she was busily engaged, but suspended her work a while on perceiving me, and, leaning her cheek upon her hand, like Juliet, made, behind her prison bars, the prettiest picture imaginable. A bright instrument was in the left hand, and I thought she might have been passing her seclusion in some elegant embroidery. Now, however, I resolved to tempt her from the window, and, kissing my violets, threw them over the wall. She rose, and, clattering on a high pair of wooden shoes, came forth, a knife in one hand, and a fish that she had been scraping in the other. My romance was at an end in a moment; and I never could recover gravity enough to return to the terrace. She was exceedingly beautiful, the daughter of a rich merchant, and had, as usual, in her youth been betrothed to a man who had proved false; he had gone to Alexandria, they supposed, and had never since been heard of. Her unfortunate story, and her beauty, were equally subjects of conversation among her acquaintances: I found the misfortune, however, was not in the desert so much as in the necessity of remaining single until the death of her affianced husband should enable her to take another."

With one quotation more, however, we shall quit Damascus.

"There is a singular ostentation in the display of new clothes in the East, from some superstitious feeling, perhaps, for the ticket is never taken off the turban or the shawl round the waist until their novelty is completely worn away. I allowed the little piece of card attached to mine, therefore, to hang from its thread as an additional ornament, and hope all that observed it may have wished me health to wear out my new turban, for I conceive such a blessing is the object of the exhibition. The gayest Turks in Damascus strut with greater pride when the mark of the shop dangles from their heads. I sometimes observed the corner of a piece of Manchester manufacture spread over the folds of the turban it composed, to shew the name of the makers, stamped in large blue letters upon it: an English firm is thus converted into a decoration for a Turkish beanie, or an emblem of gratitude to Providence—I do not know which."

Starting to cross the desert, we have a portrait of the writer.

"I ride a white camel, with my saddle-bags under me, and a pair of water-skins quite full beneath them: over the saddle is my bed. In my own figure I am neither a Bedouin, a merchant, nor a Turk, yet something of all. A thick cherry stick, with a cross at the end of it, serves to guide the animal; a gentle tap on the right side of his neck sends him to the left, and one on the opposite makes him turn back again to the right; a knock on the back of his neck stops him, and a few blows between the ears bring him to his knees, if accompanied by a guttural sound resembling, as the Arabs say, the pronunciation of their letter 'khe': to make him move quicker, it is necessary to prick him with the point of the stick on the shoulders. And now I think I am master of his motions."

After four days' march, viz. from April 3 to April 7, the swallows we have alluded to are mentioned; and it seems a curious fact in natural history.

"Several swallows have followed us from Damascus; they fly close to the heads of the camels, and round about them, as sea birds do by ships: they disappear when we are at rest, but at daylight commence the day's journey with us."

"April 10th.—The swallows are still with us; they may probably be on their passage to a warmer climate, although late in their emigration, if they passed the winter in Syria; yet this who can tell? I have looked every morning with as much anxiety for their appearance as, after a long voyage, I should do for any indication of land. In the desert, as at sea, there is fellowship in every living thing."

"April 14.—The climate has changed considerably: it has been really hot to-day. The swallows have left us, and the ground is covered with locusts of a golden colour, which rise on the wing only as the camels approach them; they soon sink again: as they flutter in the sun before us, they appear like Canary birds. This desert is, I fancy, the birth-place of these insects; and, probably, as long as they find food in it, they do not fly in clouds to destroy more fertile lands. They are at this moment very heavy and lazy."

Are not the swallows, also, in search of food, attracted by the flies, which may, in their turn, be attracted by the animals, provisions, &c. of a caravan? Of the desert itself, Major S. says:—

"There is nothing, after all, appalling in the desert but the name. In two or three days the

fatigue from the camel's motion passes away; and reposing then on a Persian carpet spread over a lawn of flowers, with rice and milk, or fresh baked cakes, before me, where is the hardship, and what is the privation? At this season of the year, it is pleasanter than at any other period; however, three months earlier it was covered with snow, and three months hence it will be scorched and withered. The Arabs declare that in the past winter there was no break in the snow that lay for more than a month on the plain, as far as they could see from any one point."

A mare foaled on the 8th of April, and on the 9th, we are told:—

"The foal, although but a day old, followed its dam the whole way, without the least suffering. It is not surprising that the Arab horses are so hardy, when from the day of their birth they commence the most arduous journeys. This little creature must have accomplished thirty-five miles, at the least, over a very rocky road. The instant it was born, a charm was tied round its neck in a bag of black cloth: sometimes, in this sort of manner, is placed the pedigree, a matter of greater consequence to an Arab, I fancy, than even the amulet. The best horses are bred in this desert by the Anazie Arabs, in whose territory, before the conquest of the Wahabees, the district of Nejd was included, where the richest pasture of Arabia is found."

At length they reach the Euphrates, at the city of Hit ("the Is of Herodotus, whence the Babylonians drew the bitumen with which they bound their bricks.")

"I was sitting cross-legged on my camel, to avoid the crushing and bumping among the loaded ones, with great doubt of the result of such a squeeze, when, on the right hand of the town, from a rising ground but a few yards from its banks, I beheld the Euphrates! Many camels were already in the river, and we lost every control of those approaching it. I leaped from mine just as the close mass was forced to pause before it entered the water, and left it to rush by itself into the stream. This is the twentieth day that these animals have passed without drinking. I have observed them much, and am certain that not one drop has been given to any since the 3d of April. * * *

"Hillah, on the site of Babylon, is by the stream several days' journey below us; by land, the Arabs say, eight. Above, the nearest city of any consequence is Auna." [The Annals where Colonel Chesney arrived after the loss of the Tigris.]

Major S. journeyed to Bagdad, and he states:—

"I seem to have arrived at the consummation nearly of its wretchedness; it never can recover from the blow that it has within the last two years received. Abd-ul-Kerim, in conversation, declared, although it is his native city, that the gilding and ornaments of one house in Damascus would purchase a whole street in Bagdad. This observation will serve to settle the comparative wealth of the two cities. There are gardens within and without the walls. Eastern gardens at the best are but poor places; these are generally composed of date-trees, with a few oranges and citrons, but flowers are seldom to be seen."

The excursion to Babylon must not detain us, though its perilous Arab encounters, and other incidents, are very interesting. Returned to Bagdad, our countryman descended the Tigris and its tributary streams, the Hye and another, for Bussorah; entering the Euphrates at the junction with the Tigris near Koot;

just below which is a "considerable place called 'Shoogh-Shookh,' where there is a custom-house and wharf. Vessels in their passage up and down stop at this place; there is a wall round it, but the huts are all built of branches of the date, like those of the Bedonins. The long narrow boat in which we had come from Bagdad, was not, we discovered here, intended for Bussorah, and with much difficulty the master of it succeeded in finding a smaller one, more calculated for the little sea formed after the junction of the two rivers 'Shal-el-Arab.' The boat we have hired is a very well-built one, belonging to Grain, a port of some consequence below Bussorah."

These last extracts we make, as they refer to a navigation at present so directly of English interest; and we finish with one other on the same subject.

"Should the project, now in some respects on foot, of navigating these rivers by steam, be realised, and their shores become as well known as those of the Ganges or the Nile,—for, although many difficulties will naturally be raised against the scheme at first, I do not despair of seeing it come to pass,—what a change may be effected in the Eastern world! The master of a steam-boat, built in the Thames, may regulate his course on the Euphrates by the bearings of the Tower of Babel! This would, indeed, have been a wild fancy but a few years ago; yet, now that the rivers have been surveyed and found practicable, where is the improbability? The Resident at Bagdad, and those with whom I conversed on the subject, are as warm supporters of the plan, from a conviction of the readiness with which it will be assisted by the authorities, and the advantage that in every view will attend it, as those who have formed their opinions from the report of its facility on natural grounds. The late pasha, Daoud, was so anxious for its success, that he had resolved to purchase a boat for the purpose himself; and, had he not been removed, the question would before this have been set at rest. The present governor is not less friendly in his inclinations, but the poverty of the pashalic will prevent any other demonstration on his part. I do not think there will be any great obstacle to overcome from the Arabs. A tribute must be paid to each tribe for passage through its territories, and the sum once arranged, it will be foreign to their nature to break faith; they have as much right to levy such a duty as any civilised country has to tax the foreign vessels that enter its ports. As far as the interior relations are concerned, there will be nothing to apprehend. We may, I have heard it urged, however, open the way to our Eastern possessions for an European power: while Russia is paramount in Turkey, and all in all in Persia, we need scarcely fear suggesting a new road to her. The Persians have lately captured Erzerum, and their advances tend but to the advantage of Russia whenever she may feel disposed to avail herself of it. I am not one of those, however, who are apprehensive of a Russian invasion of India; yet, were such an event to occur, we should but anticipate our aggressors in the occupation of a line that would be so advantageous to them, and thereby prevent it. The canal that connected the Tigris with the Euphrates may be traced from a short distance above Bagdad, and would cost little labour or expense to open it: it was by this passage that the Emperor Julian brought his fleet against Ctesiphon. In order that Bagdad may benefit by the intercourse to be thus established, the best plan seems to be, that the Tigris should be the river navigated

instead of the Euphrates, as far as the mouth of this canal. Thus, the marshy ground on the shores of the latter stream, so likely to perplex during the high floods, would be avoided; and the passage made easy as far as Beer. While I write this, the surveys made by Captain Chesney last year may be already published, and more than I can have learned be known. All writers on this country and Arabia, say it has declined since the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope: a renewal of the communication with India through it, therefore, may in some measure revive it; although the days when a Caliph showered pearls and gold over the head of a bride, and scattered towns for a scramble, can scarcely return."

We now take leave of our most agreeable traveller.

On the Rise and Progress of the Fine Arts.
By Allan Cunningham, Esq.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

HAVING completed the heathen, Mr. Cunningham proceeds to the Christian, portion of his subject. Acknowledging that, as Christianity rose, the arts, as they had been cultivated by the Greeks, fell, he proceeds to shew that that would have occurred had Christianity never existed.

"It is true," he observes, "that Christianity forbade bowing to gods of stone, and wood, and brass, and desired man to raise his eyes towards that Divine Being, the unknown God of the heathen, who created and directed all. This would have purified art, rather than crushed it; painting and sculpture, taking a new direction, and inspired with a truer inspiration, would have wrought miracles worthy of the days of Phidias and Apelles: but time was not afforded for the change. Before the coming of Christ the northern nations of the earth, an unsummed and unknown race, had given intimations of their resolution to march towards the sun, and contend with those who called them barbarians, for the vineyards and cornfields of Italy and Greece. In the days of the apostles this terrible march was begun; and though the warlike spirit of the early emperors, and the discipline of the legions, retarded or repulsed the Gothic nations for a time, they burst the decaying barriers of the empire at last, and science and letters were all but extinguished on the earth. They were neither softened by the harmony of verse, nor gladdened by the loveliness of sculpture or painting. Temples, statues, pictures, books,—all were trodden relentlessly underfoot, in their tremendous march. The spirit—the divine spirit—of Christianity, enabled it to survive this sad devastation; and with it the hopes of science and letters remained. The fierce conquerors of all that was civilised or elegant reared themselves among the ruins of temples and cities; and, with the wine-cup in one hand and the sword in the other, gave a sort of surly audience to the dauntless successors of the apostles, who came to tempt them with the joys of heaven, or alarm them with the horrors of hell. By some it has been reckoned miraculous that those rude and fierce chiefs who ruled the Gothic tribes, seated with one foot, perhaps, on the body of a mangled Roman, and the other on a broken statue—Apollo or Venus—should have listened, and that with emotion, to the first preachers of the word of God. But be it borne in mind, that the latter came neither as suplicants, nor rivals, nor enemies; they desired no share in their conquests, nor in their carousals; the kingdom which they revealed to them was not of this world; and thus opening

up fresh sources of glory, the Gothic princes listened, and, perhaps, postponed the destruction of a temple or the burning of a city—for a day. There was something in the glory or the woe of a future state, which suited the imaginations, and, in some measure, accorded with the natural belief, of the Goths, and fitted their minds for receiving the sublime truths of the gospel. Painting and sculpture aided largely in this beneficial conversion. The first missionaries, speaking the classic languages of Greece or Rome, were not understood by their northern audiences till they called in the works of the pencil and chisel as auxiliaries. A Christ on the Cross, a Virgin Mother, a Saint John in the Wilderness, the Raising of Lazarus, the Ascension, together with reliques of the early saints, all helped to relate the history and the hopes of Christianity, and impress it on their rude understandings."

Of course the works of art, here alluded to, were very rude in their execution.

"All was changed; new nations, as well as new rulers, were become lords of the earth; the spirit of the north refused to work according to the compass and square of the south, and imagined and created an architecture, sculpture, and painting, altogether its own. The temples of Greece and Rome, with all their gods and goddesses, were forgotten; and new temples, distinguished for their picturesque splendour and geometrical unity, were raised, to which painting and sculpture were, as they had been in Egypt, auxiliary and subordinate. This is the architecture designated Gothic—which the ingenuity of the learned has traced to the buildings of Greece—which the imaginations of the poetic have discovered in the wattled wigwags of our ancestors—but which may safely be pronounced new and original, since all its forms, combinations, and ornaments, belong to itself alone. How the simple beauty of the Greek architecture could grow into the melancholy magnificence of the Gothic; how it could change its character, upset all its combinations; how the temple of Saturn could become the cathedral of Salisbury, I must desire those to explain who are ingenious in discovering resemblances which do not exist, and who can see the finished statue in the unquarried block, and a noble poem in a printer's type-box!"

It is a task which, certainly, we are not prepared to undertake. The early Gothic—or rather Pointed Architecture (for so it ought always to be termed)—was useful and intelligible, although not elegant. But—

"As the Christian religion spread and grew strong, the fine arts expanded with it; science was applied to the humble fabrics in which the cross of Christ was first set up; the simple form of the cross on which the churches were founded was embellished with taste and skill; geometry came to the aid of the architect, and aided him in forming those elegant and remarkable combinations of beauty and strength, which are the wonder of all who are not blinded with classic glory. The sculptor and the painter also exerted themselves; rigidity of form relaxed into nature; a saint-like mildness of sentiment succeeded to savage expression; something of heaven was stamped on the face; a rude divinity of meaning gave an interest to the groups; and robes, which formerly depended like icicles, began to grow soft and flexible, and an air of ease, and a capability to think, was impressed on all they touched."

This was, however, the work of many centuries. At length, with Cimabue, who is happily characterised by Mr. Cunningham as the Chaucer of art, "came a maturer science,

and above all, poetry. He found art in much the same condition as the sculptors of Greece received it from those of Egypt; and he purified and elevated it, and rendered it more worthy of that divine religion with which it was associated." Giotto, the pupil and successor of Cimabue, carried the art still further.

"It is remarkable," says Mr. Cunningham, "that sculpture began at the same time to feel the inspiration which lifted painting into the region of poetry and beauty. The change was felt as well as perceived: statues, and groups, and processions, had hitherto been regarded as little better than carvings of flowers and fruits, and things natural or grotesque, whose chief object was to enrich the plainness of the architecture, and give light and shade, rather than sentiment, to the walls. The moment that poetry and science brought order and grace among them, they began to be looked at for what they expressed rather than for what they represented. Yet the unity required in Gothic architecture was not violated; the new attractions bestowed on the sculpture were still in keeping with the original conception; architecture remained lord of the ascendant, and painting and sculpture were his auxiliaries; necessary at first, and still more so now that genius had opened their lips and enabled them to speak to the world. Those who desire the true Gothic union of painting, sculpture, and architecture, should have Westminster Abbey, during its centuries of Catholic glory, placed before them: no organ in those days interrupted the eye in viewing the sublime harmony of the structure: the apostle stood austere in his niche; the virgin looked meekly and benignly from the wall; the mitred abbot and the sandalled saint lay carved in alabaster above the spot where their bodies were buried; while our kings and warriors seemed to lie in slumber rather than in stone, beneath their carved screens and within their dim recesses. All was solemn, and all was holy. Look at Westminster Abbey now; modern sculpture has started out of keeping with the architecture, nay, has openly proclaimed war against it. Figures and groups come audaciously into the body of the building; they no longer confine themselves to niches and recesses: nor is this all, some of the statues are engaged in works not at all devout, and the architecture of their pedestals and accompaniments is of all orders, simple or composite, save the order that would correspond with the structure which contains them. * *

"The long reign of Henry the Third was favourable to art: the castles of our nobles were only remarkable [remarkable, only!] for their heavy grandeur and their massive strength, and for being the residence of turbulent and illiterate owners; it was otherwise with our abbey-steads and cathedrals; the owners were wedded to heaven, or rather to their order, and expended the vast revenue raised from the love or the fears of mankind, in the embellishment of the church. It is true that travelling scholars, wandering bards, and other strangers, were entertained hospitably; but the surplus, which our married clergy bestow upon their wives and children, was laid out by the clergy of the Romish church on illuminated missals, splendid copies of the evangelists, statues of saints and founders of their order, and on pictures by the most inspired masters, in which the glory of religion was maintained, and the taste and wealth of the proprietors manifested. During those days grants were made of oaks from the royal forests for the manufacture of saints and apostles; quarries were opened for the construction of sacred edifices; artists were allured from foreign

parts, and encouragement extended to those at home; and the cathedrals of York and Gloucester, and others scarcely inferior, were erected, forming the wonder of their age as well as of our own."

Casting his eyes on Italy, Mr. Cunningham traces the impulse given to painting by Cimabue and Giotto, through Massaccio, Mantegna, Signorelli, Leonardo da Vinci, and Fra Bartolomeo, down to Michael Angelo, and Raphael. The following character of Raphael is as just as it is beautiful.

"In composition, Raphael is equalled by few, and excelled by none; the chief circumstance, the leading feature of the picture, is not only visible at the first glance, but it is stamped so effectually on the performance, that the sentiment which it awakens pervades every group, and all accessory figures. He introduces no forms, because the canvass and not his story requires them; the eye is not perplexed by secondaries pushing themselves into notice like principals. All is harmony, whether composition, character, or colouring; dramatic propriety is every where observed, and no epic poem can have greater unity or greater breadth; all this is combined with a wondrous simplicity—a simplicity scarcely of this earth, it is so lovely and so holy."

We cannot refrain from giving, as a pendant to the above, Mr. Cunningham's character of Michael Angelo. After speaking of the sculptors, Nicolas Pisano, his son John, Donatello, and Ghiberti, he thus proceeds:—

"The art reached its height in the hands of him who proudly wrote himself 'Michael Angelo, poet, painter, sculptor, and architect.' In all his works there is a loftiness of conception which shews that sublimity and grandeur were his natural elements; his delight was to be daring; he invaded the sanctity of heaven for subjects, and he penetrated to the depths of hell: the chief actors in his wondrous scenes are gods and demons, and souls of men condemned or saved: with man in his common and household mood he refused to grapple: he touched, indeed, on female beauty, but it was loveliness connected with the sublimities of religion which he contemplated: he scorned little things; and it may be said of him as it was of Milton, that he could hew a colossus out of a rock, but could not carve a head out of a cherry-stone. Yet it must be acknowledged that Michael Angelo sacrificed, oftener than was required, true simplicity to picturesque grandeur: his best groups and his finest figures want the compact elegance and severe truth of Grecian sculpture: it is true that he has left specimens in his Lorenzo di Medici, and Virgin and Child, which may be compared with aught the ancient world produced; but his common fault is excess of imagination, of conception flying too high a flight, and of action forced into extravagance. His desire of uniting in one vast harmony the three arts in which he excelled, probably injured his fame as a sculptor: to create groups and figures which, instead of being lost in the breadth and magnificence of his architecture, should stand out not second but first, was the task which he assigned to himself; and this forced him upon the gigantic and the picturesque more than it is likely he wished."

There appears to us to be great justice in the following remarks:—

"Whilst these wonders were achieving by painting and sculpture, architecture was not neglected. Many noble buildings were erected in various parts of Europe, in which the simplicity and beauty of Grecian architecture

were supposed to be revived. Yet this was rather an application of the Grecian orders to a composite style of building, than an express revival of the old. The Gothic spirit prevailed on the earth; something picturesque and lofty was required; and as this could not be obtained by one line of columns, two or three were employed, and structures rose into the air in which the Doric supported the Ionic, and the Ionic the Corinthian, till the clouds were scaled, and it was believed and asserted that a triumph had been obtained for Christian churches over the heathen temples. This triumph was, however, achieved at the expense of unity, simplicity, and propriety. The principles of the Gothic architecture allow vast altitude; nor are the proportions lost by expansion; and, what is equally important, the materials out of which all this is achieved still continue obedient to the hand of man. Not so the Grecian architecture. To elevate a temple, according to the true principles of ancient art, requires, with an increase of height in the columns, an augmentation of size in the stones; and before the portico can obtain an elevation of a hundred feet, the materials have become nearly too heavy for human handling. All this was perceived by the Christian architects; and they imagined they had vanquished the difficulty when they placed one row of columns above another. As far as picturesque splendour is useful, they succeeded; but they succeeded at the expense of propriety and truth. The porticos and colonnades of the Grecian temples were useful as well as beautiful; for in Greece they made nothing without a meaning. Men found shelter there from sunshine or from shower; and, that their time might not be wasted, historical sculptures extended all around, reminding them of the deeds of heroes and the acts of the gods. But under the second row of columns, and within the upper porticos of the new style of architecture, birds and angels alone could find shelter.

On the effects of the Reformation in checking art in its upward career, Mr. Cunningham treats at some length; but we must abstain from following him. A new era, however, was at hand.

"A succession of great architects, sculptors, and painters, arose, who asserted the dignity of British art. The first, and perhaps the ablest, of these, was Sir Christopher Wren. Accident called out his genius in all its splendour. The great fire of London levelled old St. Paul's, and under his eye the present magnificent edifice arose into existence. * * * The first of our eminent latter sculptors was Cibber; and the works by which he will be known to posterity are the Madness and Melancholy carved for the asylum at Moorfields. They are boldly and poetically, as well as naturally, conceived, and more than approach the designs of the great Italian artists. * * * Banks, with more than the poetic feeling of Cibber, delighted in classic subjects; his sketches from the works of Homer breathe the true austere spirit of antiquity. * * * Bacon, with a mind of a more liberal cast, suited the public taste, and made both fame and fortune. * * * Nollekens, notwithstanding the praise of Wordsworth, was essentially a bust sculptor. His mind was mechanical; he had no imagination; he was plodding and laborious, and produced many works—but they were works without feeling or passion. * * * Flaxman had the loftiest genius of all our British sculptors; he was alike simple and sublime; he grappled with the most poetic subjects, and reached

their grandeur, as well as their beauty. His designs for the Greek poets have so much of the Greek spirit, that they might pass for the sketches of Phidias; while his designs from Scripture reach the height of the great argument of the gospel, and form the only commentary we ever saw in perfect harmony with the original. This is high praise. We must add, by way of abatement, that his execution was not equal to his conception, and that, while in true poetic works he fairly rivalled the works of antiquity, in literal transcripts of life and the times he lived in, he was excelled by sculptors who had not a tithe of his talent. * * *

The living sculptors are numerous, and some are of high talent. Chantrey is natural, graceful, and manly: Baily always elegant, and sometimes poetic; Westmacott carves now and then a classic group."

Of the British school of painting, Mr. Cunningham says, that it "occupies a place between the schools of Italy and Holland. It wants the sublime loftiness of the former, neither is it so low or so literal as the latter; it partakes of the qualities of both, while the spirit of the land shines visibly through it, and establishes its claim to originality. It has great variety, great force, vivid colour, and expression. In lofty emotion, historic dignity, and poetic passion, it is less powerful than in human character, domestic incident, natural elegance, and deep pathos, sharp satire, and a humour rich and deep."

From Mr. Cunningham's characters of the great painters of the British school, we must content ourselves with a few very brief extracts.

"The first great painter of the island is still the most vigorous, most characteristic, and original—we mean Hogarth. Some of his brethren, indeed, deny him the title of painter; though they allow he is a great something, they hesitate to say what. But this is mere pedantry. He is held to be a true painter by all who know what art is; for it is by form, by colour, and by force of expression that he accomplishes all. In fact, he has carried art farther than any other man has done. He is not only a painter, but he is more; he is a great dramatist, second only to Shakespeare. * * *

"Reynolds is considered by the academicians as the founder of the British school of painting. To him they attribute the introduction of all that is vivid in colour or lofty in character. He did much, and was one of the first who, by his gentlemanly manners and probity, conferred dignity upon the profession of painter in our isle. The freedom, and ease, and breadth of colouring of his portraits, are only equalled [equalled, only!] by the individuality of character which he gave to all he touched. They contain whatever was manly in man, or gentle and lovely in woman. The happy looks and jocular eyes of his children are not more natural than the employments which he has assigned to them; they fondle birds, gather flowers, and chase butterflies, with a grace which it is vain to seek in the earlier artists of the land. His historical pictures are less happy; his imagination was of a humble order; he could not image out a virtue from reflection alone, nor impress the poetic costume of thought on his groups from the poets. Had angels condescended to sit, Reynolds would have found hues to limn them with. Those who desire to see how genius looked, or beauty demeaned herself, for half a century, in Britain, must consult the portraits of this great painter."

Of Wilson and Gainsborough, Mr. Cunningham says that the former "created our

poetic landscape," the latter, "that of English nature and humble life." West, Fuseli, Barry, and Northcote, are not favourites with him. In his opinion of Stothard we entirely coincide.

"His works are all natural elegance and unconstrained beauty. The daughters of England may be said to have inspired him with a true sense of beauty and modesty; for on whose canvasses shall we find such unaffected loveliness, and such variety of female attraction? He is, indeed, very unequal, and a great mannerist; but he is original, and can never cease to be regarded as one of the greatest of British painters."

The concluding paragraph of the Dissertation is, perhaps, somewhat too depressing in its tone, yet it is impossible to deny its general statement.

"It cannot with truth be said that a true feeling and admiration of art is yet diffused over Britain. Works of high genius are rare matters. Like Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' they are long in attaining all their fame, and require, with other mental efforts, serenity of mind, and something like public encouragement. To be the great merchants of the earth, and the rulers of the sea, seems the aim of the nation; yet this might be accomplished without discouraging either poetry or painting. At present, the angry parleys between political parties, and the feuds which inquiry, and love of change, and desire of reform, have awakened in village and town, are injurious to literature and art. Perhaps, when the church is placed on a scriptural footing, and the balance of the constitution restored, the sun of public affection will shine as it ought on those studies which lead to true glory and permanent fame."

We cannot close this notice of Mr. Cunningham's Dissertation without repeating our commendations of it. To all it will be amusing and interesting; but to those who have been hitherto unacquainted with the topics to which it refers, it will convey much valuable information, and that in a manner which will prepare and enable them, if they choose to do so, to extend their inquiries with advantage.

Laing's Journal of a Residence in Norway.

[Fifth and concluding Notice.]

WE cannot resist our inclination to make a few more extracts from this entertaining work.

"The Asiatic origin of the Scandinavian race, and of that religion of Odin, or Asa-Odin, which prevailed among them until the eleventh century, is placed beyond a doubt, although the causes and exact period of their migration are matters of conjecture only. It appears, also, undeniable that the original inhabitants, before this migration, were the progenitors of the present Lapland race. Whether any other people inhabited the country at that period seems uncertain. The tales, legends, or traditions, in the Saga, relative to Jetter, who were at once giants and wizards, or demons, would seem to establish that some people, more formidable to the large-sized Asiatics than the diminutive Laplanders, may have existed in the country. Yet witchcraft, or supernatural powers, which to this day are ascribed to the Laplander by the vulgar of the other race, would naturally give rise to the idea of superior size and strength, when the Laplander, driven to the Fjelds and to the extreme north, became out of the range of personal knowledge to the majority of the people, and, consequently, a being for imagination and credulity to enlarge. There is no evidence from remains of tombs, or other objects, that any third race ever inhabited the country. The two are as distinct in physical appearance

as the varieties of a species can be; and as, owing to their totally different habits and modes of living, intermarriage is extremely rare, their distinctive characters stand out more contrasted, and less graduated into each other than in other countries — as Scotland — which are peopled by two different races. The affinity between the Norwegian and the German is obvious. The mind, in viewing them, cannot avoid classing them as belonging to one original stock, although unable to point out or express the peculiar points of similarity. By the same instinctive operation which discovers at once what is called blood in horses, or the cast of countenance in families or nations, one is impressed, on seeing the Laplanders, with the conviction that they are a branch of the great Celtic family which seems to have occupied Europe before the emigration of the Gothic people from Asia. The cast of countenance, the colour of the eyes and hair, the structure of the frame, and even the liveliness of gesture, are so similar in the best specimens of the Lapland people to what one meets with in those countries in which there are still remains of the Celtic blood, — as the south-west of France, Wales, and the Highlands of Scotland, — that the mind is at once impressed with the conviction that they are of the same breed. Clothe a handsome Lapland girl in the Welsh costume, and place her with a basket on her arm in the market-place of Chester, and the stranger would chuck her under the chin, and ask what she had got to sell, without suspecting that she was not a Cambrian. Try the same experiment with a specimen of the Gothic race taken even from an English county, and the eye would at once observe the difference. The descriptions given by many travellers of the Laplanders are caricatures. They are ugly in old age, undoubtedly; but the country has yet to be discovered in which the lady of sixty enjoys the bloom of sixteen. I would like a few shares in the steam-packet company to such a land. Like the lower classes in all countries who are much exposed to the weather, and suffer great fatigue, they soon appear old, and are then abundantly ugly; but, among ten old women of the labouring class in the south of France, nine would carry away the palm in this respect from the Lapland ladies. The young are often pretty: fine dark hair, fine teeth, lively dark eyes, good complexions, small features, and a good-natured expression, can enter into no combination which is not, at least, pretty. The Asiatic origin of the Gothic tribe which wandered into Scandinavia is marked, even until the eleventh century, by a circumstance not mentioned, I think, by the Roman historians as characteristic of the ancient Germans, though considered likewise of oriental derivation: they retained the custom of using horseflesh as food. The dearest of all animal food would be the flesh of the horse. He consumes the produce of a much greater area of land than ruminating animals of the same weight. Indigenous inhabitants of the peninsula could never have fallen into this habit, as having too little land to produce such food. It was only on the vast plains of Asia, where the range of pasture is boundless, that it could have originated. When the tribe settled in a land of Fjælde and forest, in which the horse could only be bred in comparatively limited numbers, its flesh was eaten only as a luxury at religious festivals. In the year 956, Hacon, the foster son of Athelstane of England, was obliged by the bonder to give up his attempt to introduce Christianity; and, as a proof of his sincerity, he partook in the feast

of horseflesh in honour of Odin. The use of horseflesh was hence considered a proof of paganism. By the bloody Saint Olaf it was punished with death or mutilation; and the insurrection which drove him from the throne, and, after the battle of Stikklestad, in 1030, brought Norway for a time under the sway of Canute the Great of England, was occasioned by his cruelties towards those who were accused or suspected of using this food, and, consequently, of having relapsed into paganism. The Icelanders of that age appear to have possessed some power. They refused to adopt Christianity, unless on the condition of being allowed to use horseflesh as formerly, and refused altogether to allow Saint Olaf to form an establishment upon a small island on their coast. The tribe of Anglo-Saxons do not appear to have used horseflesh before their conversion to Christianity, from which it may be conjectured that the wandering of their progenitors into Europe may have been of a different epoch, or from a different original abode, from that of the Scandinavians. Is it a fanciful or just observation, that the people of every spot in Europe in which this Scandinavian tribe obtained settlements in after ages, — Northumberland and Yorkshire, Normandy, Naples, — retain a stronger attachment to the horse, and a better breed of the animal, the consequence of long hereditary care, than those of the neighbouring countries? In England and France, the horse is to this day in greatest perfection, and most carefully attended to, exactly within the bounds of the ancient Norman establishments — the kingdom of Northumberland and Normandy; and graduates into an inferior breed, with less habitual good treatment from the lower class, as these bounds are receded from. The present Norwegian is as fond of horseflesh as his forefathers; not for food, but for conveyance. Every bonde keeps a cariole or a gig for himself and wife to drive in during summer, and a double sledge for winter; and to walk even the shortest distance is a mode of progression as little thought of as in Arabia. I am not more than three quarters of an English mile from the church of Vuku, in which there is service every third Sunday. The bonder on each side of me invariably go thither in their carioles or gigs, as well as those who come from the further end of the Helgodal, or from Værs, or Suul, twenty-five to thirty miles distant. At a funeral from the next house to mine, of a labouring man, not a single person attended on foot. There is no part of Europe less adapted for cavalry movements than this part of Norway. In a hundred English miles along the Dronthiem fiord, and northwards, there are but three spots at the mouths of rivers on which there is ground sufficiently level for a regiment of cavalry to exercise; and even those small alluvial spots are so obstructed, and commanded by knobs of rock and brushwood, that a single company of their own excellent riflemen would cut up all the horsemen that could be collected on them, and prevent all supply of forage, even from the immediate vicinity. For a hundred miles back in every direction, the country is of the same description, there not being ten acres of land together which is not commanded. Yet cavalry is the passion of the country. The horses are supported on a system very economical for government, which would only be tolerated in a very horse-loving country: but it is popular here. Each gærd of a certain value has to provide and keep a horse of the size and age suitable for the service. It may be used by the bonder for all light work on the farms, and

for riding or driving about; but must be kept in good condition, and is inspected once in a quarter of a year. For six or eight weeks in summer it is called out, and the bonder are allowed so much per day while it is on service, and which amounts to about twenty-two dollars. The animal during that interval is fed by government; and, if injured, is paid for at a valuation. This allowance is reckoned an advantage by the bonde, who, in truth, would keep the horse for his pleasure at any rate. The men who ride these steeds are a sort of local militia, sons of bonder and of housemen of a certain age, who serve for five years, and are only embodied and paid for a few weeks in summer. Such is the aptitude of this people for military exercises, owing, perhaps, to their free use of their limbs, previously acquired by constant practice with the axe in wood-cutting, that I have been told by officers, English and foreign, who were competent to judge, that their appearance at drill was extremely respectable, far beyond any that troops not permanently embodied usually make. Another oriental usage which the Scandinavian tribe appears to have retained to a late period, was that of taking opium, or some intoxicating drug, which rendered the class who secretly used it — the Berserker — insensible to danger or pain in the battle-field, inspired them with a fury or madness more than human, and made them, during the paroxysm, capable of preternatural exertions of muscular energy. A proportionable lassitude and weakness followed the excitement. It is evident, from the occasional descriptions given of the Berserker in the Saga, that they were under the influence of some powerful and peculiar kind of intoxication during their Berserker-gang. That produced by spirituous liquors, even if distillation had been known at that period, would not produce similar effects on the human frame, as it disables the limbs from acting in general, whatever may be the fury of the words and gestures. Ordinary drunkenness could never render the individuals of the Berserker class formidable among a people addicted themselves to excess in fermented liquors, the effect of which is little different from that of those distilled. There is said to be a way of preparing ale, still known among the bonder in some parts of Bergen Amt, which is supposed to be the beverage used by the Berserker. Instead of hops, it is prepared with the leaves of a plant which grows in miry spots on the Fjælde, and is known by the name of Paast. It is possible that the infusion of some indigenous plant may impart peculiar intoxicating power to liquor. In some parts of Scotland, there is a vague traditional opinion, that ale may be brewed from the flowers of the heath-plant. I suspect it would be all the better of a little malt; but the intoxicating power of different plants, and the effects of that power, have never been soberly examined. I have met with a gentleman, in the course of my inquiries on this subject, who had himself experienced the effects of the ale prepared with paast; and he has no doubt that it was the means used to inspire the Berserker with their peculiar fury. He met with it at a bridal among the bonder on the side of the Hardinger fiord, where he happened to be quartered. It inspired an activity and contempt of danger, and a capability of extraordinary feats of exertion, in scrambling over precipices, running, leaping, and such exercises, which the party could not have accomplished but under its influence; it also left a lassitude and debility proportioned to the temporary madness it had inspired."

A chapter on emigration contains many pertinent hints and remarks; and a little insinuation of a love affair with a pretty young Lap, pages 409-10, induces us to conclude with a very favourable opinion of Mr. Laing, who thus, with all his good sense, information, acuteness, and judgment, shews that he is also—and all the better therefore—a man of feeling and sentiment.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

OCTOBER 3.—J. F. Stephens, Esq. in the chair. Various donations of books and insects were announced, from the Natural History Society of Boston, United States, the Bahama Society, the Medico-Botanical Society, &c. Mr. Westerman, of Copenhagen, was elected a foreign member of the Society, and certifies in favour of several candidates for admission, read. Various interesting species of insects, and of insect productions, were exhibited, including a collection lately made in Albania, by R. Templeton, Esq. Specimens of the West Indian hut-grass, reared at the Society's apartments, and infested with a species of *aphis*, were exhibited, as well as specimens of the *Gryllotalpa didactyla* Latreille, a species of mole-cricket, which is, at the present time, committing much injury in the island of St. Vincent, by attacking the sugar-canes at the roots. Mr. Children made a communication, received by him from his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, upon a species of subcutaneous moth, which attacks the leaves of the pear, and produces much injury to the trees; when it was suggested, that, by attending to the period when the caterpillar and the moth respectively make their appearance, their numbers might be greatly reduced by the application of coal-tar. The memoirs read were, 1st. Additional observations, by W. Spence, Esq. upon the natural history of *Scolytus destructor*, and its ravages upon the elm-trees, in various parts of France, and suggesting the necessity of a careful inquiry into the habits of the insect, before any wholesale felling of these trees was ordered, as much misapprehension was entertained upon the subject. 2d. Some account of the habits and ravages of the black caterpillar of the turnip, the injury resulting from which has become of very great extent, and of serious consequence to many agriculturists. It was suggested, that children might be advantageously employed in picking off the grubs, which are greedily eaten by ducks, and other poultry; and that a bag-net, having a straight opening, might be used for running along the tops of the turnips, into which the flies, which are easily alarmed, fall motionless, and counterfeited death. By W. Sells, Esq. 3d. Description of a new genus of coleopterous insects, found in Corfu, by W. Templeton, Esq.

WE are happy to learn, by the following letter from the Rev. Edward Stanley, that he is not favourable to any connexion between Mechanics' Institutes and the British Association. For ourselves, we can only say, that we were not alone in our misapprehension of Mr. Stanley's opinion on the subject.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Alderley Rectory, Sept. 26.

SIR,—As a mere member of the British Association, I should not have thought of intruding myself on the public; but holding, as I do, the office of one of its vice-presidents for the ensuing year, I feel, in justice to myself, as well as to the Association, that erroneous representations of my views should not pass uncontradicted. In your last Number, there is this passage:—"We also agree with Mr. Whewell on the subject of Intercourse with

Mechanics' Institutes, such as the Rev. Mr. Stanley gave notice of introducing next year. Nothing can be more laudable and valuable than these institutes of themselves; nothing more to be deprecated than an attempt to connect them with the meetings of the British Association." On what data you adopted such an interpretation of my sentiment and intentions, is to me quite inexplicable; since, so far from ever in the slightest degree contemplating, or approving of such intercourse, or that of the "threatened section" on education of which you also allude, by no member of the British Association would their introduction have been most strenuously opposed than by myself, under a conviction that such additions would, in all probability, be extremely prejudicial. All that occurred respecting mechanics' institutes was this: when called upon to return thanks to the superintendents of the infirmaries, public libraries, and mechanics' institutes, I expressed an earnest hope that the higher and more influential classes, especially those of my own profession, would uphold mechanics' institutes with all their zeal and energy—believing, as I do, that if left entirely in the hands of inexperienced or uncultivated minds, evil instead of good may ensue; but equally convinced that, if these to their natural supporters stand aloof or oppose their progress, they are losing a golden opportunity of applying to existing circumstances a portion of invaluable moral machinery, by which the well-being and civilisation of a large and important branch of the community may be indefinitely promoted. In urging the claims of Manchester for the honour of the next meeting, I also alluded to mechanics' institutes, observing, that in that town there was one of the highest respectability, which would doubtless receive an additional stimulus from the immediate presence and proceedings of the Association.—I remain, &c. EDWARD STANLEY.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations to Jennings's Landscape Annual, 1837: The Castles and Biscay. From drawings by David Roberts, Esq.

THE name of the draughtsman is a sufficient warrant for the beauty and excellence of these illustrations. The proprietors say that they have used every exertion to render the present volume superior even to its immediate predecessor. It is no disparagement of their efforts that they could not accomplish an impossibility; but (and that is high praise) they have rendered it equal. The various plates convey a notion of the architectural magnificence and splendour of the north of Spain, which will surprise those who have not visited that picturesque, romantic, and extraordinary country. They are twenty-one in number. We have just looked over them for the third time, in order to particularise those which appeared to us to be the finest; but the task is one of great difficulty. Among them, however, are, "West Front of the Cathedral, Burgos;" "The Palace of the Escurial;" "Miranda del Ebro;" "View of Toledo;" "Great Roman Aqueduct at Segovia;" "View on the Bidasoa;" "The Royal Palace, Madrid;" "The High Altar, Church of San Isidro, Madrid;" "Entrance to Madrid by the Gate of Fuencarral (enriched by a picturesque band of troops, artillery, &c.);" "Entrance to the City of Burgos;" "Staircase in the North Transept, Burgos;" "Street of Alcalá, Madrid," &c. &c. The talents of Messrs. Adlard, Allen, Armytage, Carter, Challis, Cousin, Freebairn, Goodall, Jeavons, Redaway, Varrall, Wallis, and Willmore, have been exerted to the utmost in the production of these exquisite little gems.

Illustrations to Friendship's Offering. 1837. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A PLEASING mélange of landscapes, poetical and domestic subjects, &c. Some of the most interesting are, "The Secret," drawn by Miss F. Corbux, engraved by C.A. Periam; "Gouri descending to the Lake of Podipoor," drawn by W. Purser, engraved by E. Goodall; "Jenny's First Love-Letter," drawn by J. Webster, engraved by W. H. Simmons; "Early Morning," painted by G. Barret, engraved by G. K. Richardson; "The Letter

from Home," drawn by H. Ritcher, engraved by R. Easton; "The Bridal Morn," painted by J. J. Jenkins, engraved by H. Rolls, &c.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LADY JANE GREY IN HER STUDY.

By Mrs. C. G. Godwin.

"BEFORE I went into Germany (says Roger Ascham, the learned preceptor of Queen Elizabeth), I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of the noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholdling. Her parents, the duke and duchess, with all the household, gentlemen, and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading 'Phaedon Platonis,' in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in 'Boccace.' After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she should lose so much pastime in the park. Smiling, she answered me, 'I wist all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure I find in Plato.'"

It was a chamber faire, with arras dight,
And carvings old of princely heraldries,
And from the windows came a gorgeous light,
Through panes distained with rich motley
dyes,
Like iris-hues that spanne capricious skies;
And these, in many a bright reflected gleame,
On floore and ceiling, met the gazer's eyes;
So that the cell a faery haunt did seeme,
Or grot of naiad coy beneath the crystal
streame.

And from those quaint and archèd casements,
farre
The ken did wander o'er a beauteous scene
Of copse and glade, where erst in sylvan warre
Diana might have led her traine, I weene;
And bowers yclad in summer's mantle greene,
Were there displayed, and brook and dimpled
meer,
Glancing the broad and ancient woods be-
Where the proud swan her graceful course did
steer,
Or paused herself to view glassed in its sur-
face clear.

About that room most lavishly were spread
All things that shewed the tablet of her mind,
Who dwelt therein; as rare flowers ever shed
Their own sweete essence round them, till the
wind [find.
Comes with its prying touche those sweetes to
Some female toys, a lute that might engage
A lonesome hour to gentlest thoughts re-
sign'd,
Did silent rest upon the antique page,
Stamp'd with the wisdom high of Græcia's
golden age.

But as the pearl entirely doth excell
In worth, in lustre, and in loveliness,
The goodly structure of its shrouding shell;
Soe she, the goddess of that fane, no less
Inclined all tongues her glory to confess.
Not that she sought, by splendour of attire,
To win th' acclaim of flattering wantonness;
Her pure soul nursed alone the greates desire
To catch the living tones of Truth's celestial
lyre.

Her ivory hand upon the open booke
Was softly laid, the while her faire cleare
browe
Beamed with a pensive, yet a radiant looke,
And her cheekè crimsoned with a transient
glove,
Like that the sun in partinglove doth throwe
Athwart the western heavens. Her dove-like
eye,
Which e'en then all the martyred sainte did
Filled with the light of mind's infinity,
Gazed upward through earth's glooms on im-
mortality.

DRAMA.

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